gaze upon her calm, still face, And can not find there aught

The subtle smile, the tender grace,
Of waking hours still haunt her placid al Within her closed eyes I know The love-light lingers yet, this restful day; And I can almost catch the slow, Sweet, selemn word her fragrant lips wou

BAY. The slender hand that wove a chain
Of loving deeds around her winsome w
Would answer still the cry of pain,
As sunlight answers to the call of day.

The gentle heart, I know, still glows— A faultiess crystal chalice, pure and white— And holds a sacred sorrow for our wees, As dew-drops hold the tender tears of night.

Whate'er her strange, sweet silence be, It is not Death. For though her lips dumb, or soul still surely speaks to me; And blessed answers to my quer

And thus I learn a scoret sweet:
She whispers low: "We have not k

vain;
For though no more on earth we meet,
Beyond the vail our hearts are one again

"For Love is measured nor by time, Nor place, nor state, nor any known degree But lofty, infinite, sublime, Includes all space and all Eternity!"

And thus I know 'tis but to wait With perfect patience some few years,
Till I may pass the ivory gate
My love has passed, unstained by idle team

And so a sacred, calm delight
Within my hopeful heart its music makes;
And so I bid my love "Good-night,"
And wait to have her claim me when ab-

wakes.

—Thomas Addison, in Harper's Weekly. \* Persian word, meaning "Sweet."

## CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

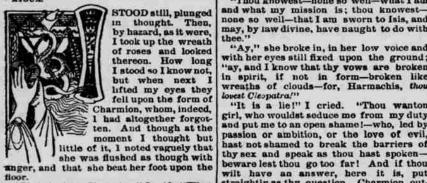
AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, uthor of "King Solomon's Mines "She," "Allan Quatermain,"

Etc., Etc., Etc Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOL

VILLE and GREIFFENHAGEN. CHATPER XIII.

OF THE WORDS AND JEALOUSY OF CHARMION; OF THE LAUGHTER OF HARMACRIS; OF THE MAKING READY FOR THE DEED OF BLOOD; AND OF THE MESSAGE OF THE OLD WIFE, ATOUA.



"Oh, is it thou, Charmion," I said. "What alls thee? Art thou cramped with standing so long within thy hiding place? Why didst thou not slip hence when Cleopatra led me Where is my kerchief!" she asked, shoot-

ing an angry glance at me. "I let fall my

"The kerchief! Why, didst thou not see! dare to lift a finger against our cause, that Cleopatra twitted me about it, and I flung it day thou diest! And now is this play

thou wouldst not fling away. It was a Queen's gift, forsooth, and therefore, the Royal Harmachis, the Priest of Isis, the chosen of the Gods, the crowned Pharach wed to the weal of Khem, cherished it and saved it. But my kerchief, stung by the laughter of that light Queen, he cast

"What meanest thou?" I asked, aston-ished at her bitter tone. "I read not thy

"What mean I?" she answered, tossing up her head, and showing the white curve of her throat. 'Nay, I mean naught or all, take it as thou wilt. Wouldst know what I mean, Harmachis, my cousin and my Lord!' she went on in a hard, low voice. old. I will tell thee -thou art in danger of the great offense. This Cleopatra hath cast her fatal wiles about thee, and thou goest near to loving her, Harmachis—to her whom to-morrow thou must Ay, stand and stare at that wreath within thy hand—the wreath thou couldst not send to join my kerchief—sure Cleopatra wore it but to-night! The periume of the hair of Cæsar's mistress—Cæsar's and others'—yet mingles with the odor of far didst thou carry the matter on youder balcony!—for in that hole where I lay hid I could not hear or see. 'Tis a sweet spot for lovers, is it not!—ay, and a sweet night, too! Venus is surely in the right

I could not hear or see. 'Tis a sweet spot for lovers, is it not!—ay, and a sweet night, too! Venus is surely in the right ascension!"

And all of this she said so quietly and in so soft and modest a way, though her words were not modest, and yet so bitterly, that every syllable cut me to the heart, and an gered me till I could find no speech.

"Of a truth thou hast a wise economy," she went on, seeing her advantage; "to night thou dost kiss the lips that to-morrow thou shalt still forever! "Tis frugal dealing with the occasion of the moment; aye, worthy and honorable dealing!"

Then at last I broke forth. "Girl!" I cried, "how darest thou speak thus to me?

Then at last I broke forth. "Girl!" I cried, "how darest thou speak thus to me? Mindest thou who and what I am that thou looseth thy peevish gibes upon me!"

"I mind what it behooves thee to be," she answered quick. "What thou art, that I mind not now. Surely thou knowest alone—thou and Cleopatra!"

"What meanest thou!" I said. "Am I to blame if the Queen—"

"The Queen! What have we here? Pharach owns a Queen!"

"The Queen!"

"The Queen! What have we here? Pharach owns a Queen!"

"Am I to blame if he Queen where? Pharach owns a Queen!"

"The Queen!"

"The Queen! What have we here? Pharaoh owns a Queen!"

aoh owns a Queen!"

"If Cleopatra wills to come hither of a night and talk—"

What had Charmion said—that I loved Cleopatra! Was this sickness love! Nay, a thousand times pay!—"two but it thousand times nay!—'twas but the revolt of Nature against a deed of treachery and blood. The Goddess did but try my "Of stars, Harmachis-surely of stars

and roses, and naught beside!" After that I know not what I said; for, troubled as I was, the girl's bitter tongue and quiet way drove me well-nigh to mad ness. But this I know: I spoke so fiercely that she cowered before me as she had cowered before my uncle Seps, when be rated her because of her Grecian garb. And as she wept then, so she wept now, only more passionately and with sobs.

length I ceased, half ashamed, but still angry and smarting sorely. For ever while she wept she could find a tongue to

"Thou shouldst not speak to me thus!" she sobbed; "it's crue!—it is unmanly! But I forgot thou art a priest, not a man—except, mayhap, for Cleopatra!" away. In the third hour of the afternoon "What right hast thou?" I said. "What canat thou mean!" away. In the third hour of the afternoon I went, as by appointment fixed, to the house where lodged my uncle Sepa—that same house to which some three months up, her dark eyes all aflood with tears that rap down her sweet face like the dew of morning down a lily's heart. "What right have 1? O Harmachis! art thou blind!

Dost thou not know by what right I speak thus to thee? Then must I tell thee? Well, 'tis the fashion in Alexandria! By that first and holy right of woman—by the right of the great love I bear thee, and which, it seems, thou hast no eyes to see—by the right of my glory and my shame. O, be not wroth with me, Harmachis, nor set me down as light, because the truth has at last burst from me; for I am not so. I am what thou wilt make me. I am the wax within the molder's hands, and as thou dost fashion me so shall I be. There breathes within me now a breath of glory blowing across the waters of my soul, that can waft me to ends more noble than ever I have dreamed afore, if thou wilt be my pilot and my guide. But if I lose thee, then lose I all that holds me from my worse self—and let shipwreck come! Thou knowest me not, Harmachis! thou canst not see how big a spirit struggles within this frail form of mine! To thee I am a girl, clever, wayward, shallow. But I am more! Show me thy loftiest thought and I will make ber of seven. When I had entered and the doors were barred, they prostrated them-selves and cried: "Hail Pharsoh!" But I bade them rise, saying that not yet was I Pharaoh, for the chicken was still in the egg. "Yea, Prince," said my uncle, "but his beak shows through. Not in vain hath

"Yea, Frince," said my uncle, "out his beak shows through. Not in vain hath Egypt brooded all these years; an thou fall not with that dagger-stroke of thine—and how canst thou fall!—naught can now stop our course to victory!"

"It is on the knees of the Gods," I an-

swered.
"Nay," he said, "the gods have pla "Nay," he said, "the gods have placed the issue in the hands of a mortal—in thy hands, O Harmachis!—and there is it safe. See; here are the last lists. Thirty-one thousand men who bear arms are sworn to rise when the tidings come to them. Within five days every citadel in Egypt will be in our hands, and then what have we to fear! From Rome but little, for her hands are full; and, besides, we will make alliance with the Triumvirate, and, if need be, but them off. For of money there is plenty Harmachis, knowest where 'tis stored against the need of Khem, and outside the Roman's reach of arm. Who is there to harm us? There is none. Perchance, in this turbulent city, there may be astruggle, and a counter plot to bring Arsinoe to Egypt and set her on the throne. Therefore must Alexandria be severally dealt fore must Alexandria be severely deal

ward, shallow. But I am more! Show me
thy loftiest thought and I will match it, the
deepest puzzle of thy mind and I will make
it clear. Of one blood are we, and love can
ravel up our little difference and make us
grow one indeed. One end we have, one
land we love, one vow binds us both. Take
me to thy heart, Harmachis, and set me by
thee on the Double Throne, and I swear
that I will lift thee higher than ever man
has climbed. Reject me, and beware lest
I pull thee down! And now, putting aside
the cold delicacy of custom, stung thereto
by what I saw of the arts of that lovely living falsehood, Cleopatra, which for pastime

by what I saw of the arts of that lovely hy-ing falsehood, Cleopatra, which for pastime she doth practice on thy folly, I have spoken out my heart, and answer thou!" And she clasped her hands, and, drawing one pace

nearer, gazed all trembling on my face.

For a moment I stood struck dumb, for the magic of her voice and the power of her speech, despite myself, had stirred me like the rush of music. Had I loved the

woman doubtless she might have fired me

I thought of Charmion in the little cham-ber watching what she held to be the arts

of Cleopatra, and of her bitter speeches.

Lastly, I thought of what my uncle Sepa would say of her could he see her now, and of the strange and tangled skein where-

with I was immeshed. I laughed aloud—the fool's laughter—that was my knell of

She turned whiter yet-white as the dead

-and on her face there grew a look that checked my foolish mirth. "Thou findest,

then, Harmachis," she said, in a low, choked voice, and dropping the level of her eyes— "thou findest cause of merriment in what I

have said."

"Nay," I answered, "nay, Charmion; forgive me if I laughed. 'Twas rather a laugh of despair; for what am I to say to thee! Thou hast spoken high words of all thou mightest be; is it left for me to tell thee what thou art!"

She shreak and I was a said to the said it was a said it wa

thee what thou art!"
She shrank, and I paused.
"Speak," she said.
"Thou knowest—none so well—what I am and what my mission is; thou knowest—none so well—that I am sworn to Isis, and

may, by law divine, have naught to do with

"Ay," she broke in, in her low voice and

with her eyes still fixed upon the ground; "ay, and I know that thy vows are broken

in spirit, if not in form-broken like wreaths of clouds-for, Harmachis, thou

"It is a lie!" I cried. "Thou wanton

girl, who wouldst seduce me from my duty

and put me to an open shame!—who, led by passion or ambition, or the love of evil,

hast not shamed to break the barriers of

wilt have an answer, here it is, pu straightly as thy question. Charmion, out

side the matter of my duty and my vows, thou art naught to me!—nor, for all thy

thou art naught to me!—nor, for all thy tender glances, will my heart beat one pulse more fast! Hardly art thou now my friend—for, of a truth, I scarce can trust

thee. But, once more, beware! To me thou mayest do thy worst; but if thou dost

wherein the great eyes glowed like embers and round them was a ring of purple

"the arena must yet be sanded!" This she

said having reference to the covering up of the blood stains at the gladiatorial shows

with fine white sand. "Well." she went on

"waste not thine anger on a thing so vile.

I have thrown my throw and I have lost.

Væ victis!—ah! Væ victis! Wilt thou not

ause. Farewell!"

nd me the dagger in thy robe, that here

And she went, leaning her hand against

strength, or perchance she also turned he holy countenance from blood.

I rose filled with despair, and went about my work like a man without a soul. I

-ay, in my brain I gathered up the very

words of that proclamation of my Royalty which on the morrow I should issue to the

startled world.
"Citizens of Alexandria and dwellers in

the land of Egypt," it began, "Cleopatra, the Macedonian, hath, by the command of

the Gods, suffered justice for her crimes—"
All these and other things I did, but I did

ed the fatal lists and noted all the plans

fore must Alexandria be severely dealt with—aye, even to destruction, if need be. And for Arsinoe, those go forth to-morrow on the news of the Queen's death who shall slay her secretly."

"There remains the lad Cæsarion," I said. "Rome might claim through Cæsar's son, and the child of Cleopatra inherits Cleopatra's rights. Herein is a double danger."

"Fear not," said my uncle; "to-morrow Cæsarion joins those who begat him in

Casarion joins those who begat him in Amenti. I have made provision. The Ptolemies must be stamped out, so that no oot shall ever spring from that root with her flame; but I loved her not, and I could not play at passion. And so thought came, and with thought that laughing mood blasted by Heaven's vengeance."
"Is there no other means?" I asked sadly. "My heart is sick at the promise of this red rain of blood. Well I know the which is ever apt to fasten upon nerves strained to the point of breaking. In a flash, as it were, I bethought me of the way in which she had that very night forced the wreath of roses on my head. I thought of the kerchief and how I had flung it forth. I thought of Charming, in the little charm.

child; he hath Cleopatra's fire and beauty and great Cæsar's wit. 'Twas shame to "Nay, be not so chicken-hearted, Har

machis," said my uncle, sternly. "What alls thee, then? If the lad is thus, the ais thee, then? If the lad is thus, the more reason that he should die. Wouldst thou nurse up a young lion to tear thee from the throne?"

"Be it so," I answered, sighing. "At least he is spared much, and will go hence innocent of evil. And now for the plans."

Long we sat taking counsel, till at length, in face of the great emergency and our

in face of the great emergency and our high emprise, I felt something of the spirit of former days flow back into my heart. At the last all was ordered, and so ordered that it could scarce miscarry, for it was fixed that if by any chance I could not come to slay Cleopatra on this night, then should the plot hang in the scale until the morrow, when the deed should be done upon occa-sion. For the death of Cleopatra was the signal. These matters being finished, once more we stood and, our hands upon the sacred symbol, swore the eath that may not be written. And then my uncle kissed me with tears of hope and joy standing in his keen black eyes. He blessed me, saying that gladly would he give his life, ay, and a hundred lives if they were his, if he might but live to see Egypt once more a nation, and me, Harmachis, the descendant of its royal and ancient blood, seated on the Throne. For of a truth was he a patriot in deed, asking nothing for himself, and giv-ing all things to his cause. And I kissed him in turn, and thus we parted. Nor in the flesh did I ever see him more who hath the nesh did I ever see him more who hath earned the rest that as yet is denied to me. So I went, and, there being yet time, walked swiftly from place to place in the great city, taking note of the positions of the gates and of the places where our forces must be gathered. At length I came to that quay where I had landed and saw a vessel suling for the orea see. I leaded and in sailing for the open sea. I looked, and in my heaviness of heart I longed to be aboard of her, to be borne by her white wings to some far shore where I might live obscure, and, forgotten, die. Also I saw another wessel that had dropped down the Nile, from whose deck the passengers were streaming. For a moment I stood watching them, idly wondering if they were from Abouthis, when suddenly I heard a familiar voice be

"La! La!" said the voice. "Why, what a in the papyrus roll. Begone! thou knave, and let my basket of simples lie, or, by the Gods, I'll doctor thee therewith!"

I turned, wondering, and found myself face to face with my foster-nurse, Atoua. She knew me instantly, for I sawher start, but in the presence of the people checked her surprise.

"Good Sir," she whined, lifting up he withered countenance toward me, and at the same time making the secret sign, "by thy dress thou shouldst be an astronomer and I was specially told to avoid astronomer mers as a pack of lying tricksters who wor-ship their own star only. And, therefore, acting on the principle of contraries, which is law to us women, I speak to thee. For surely in this Alexandria, where all things and now I may end my shame! No? Then one word more, Most Royal Harmachis: If thou canst, forget my folly; but, at the least, have no fear from me. I am now, as ever, thy servant and the servant of our are upside down, the astronomers may be the honest men, since the rest are clearly knaves." And then, being by now out of earshot of the press, "Royal Harmachis, I am come charged with a message to the from thy father Amenemhat." "Is he well?" I asked.

And she went, leaning her hand against the wall. But I, passing to my chamber, flung myself upon my couch and groaned in bitterness of spirit. Alas! we shape our plans, and by slow degrees build up our house of flope, never counting on the guests that time shall bring to lodge therein. For who can guard against—the Unforeseen.

At length I slept, and evil were my dreams. When I woke the light of the day which should see the red fulfillment of the plot was streaming through the case. "Yes, no is well, though waiting; for the moment tries him sorely."
"And his message?"
"It is this: He sends greeting to thee, and with it warning that a great danger threatens thee, though he can not read it. Thes are his words: 'Be steadfast and prosper. I bowed my head and the words struck a new chill of fear into my soul.
"When is the time?" she asked.

"This very night. Where goest thou?"
"To the house of the honorable Sepa

Priest of On. Canst thou guide me thith "Nay, I may not stay; nor is it wise tha I should be seen with thee. Hold!" And I called a porter who was idling on the quay,

and giving him a piece of money, bade him guide the old wife to the house. "Farcwell," she whispered — "farcwell till to-morrow. Be steadfast and prosper!" Then I turned and went my way through the crowded streets, wherein the people made place for me, the astronomer of Cieco patra, for my fame had spread abroad. And even as I went my footsteps seemed to beat: Be steadfast! Be steadfast! Be stead-fast! till at last it was as though the very ground cried out its very warning to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleas ure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad standing at the wooden fonce of a near little garden in his own a barefooted lad standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his own native village. With longing eyes he gazed on the flowers that were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and

THINGS LOOK BRIGHT. The People Are Growing Tired of Republican Cant and Extravagance.

The outlook of the Democracy never brighter than this year, and the anvarying success shown in local elec-tions in this and other States are indications of a grander and more enduring triumph in the legislative and executive branches of the Federal Govern-ment. It was confidently stated after "Mat" Quay's successful purchase of the Presidency for Harrison, that the Republicans had some to stay, and that it would be another quarter of a century before their opponents would have even a chance of regaining control of the Government. Tariff reform was declared dead beyond the possibility of resurrection, and funeral orations were pronounced over it everywhere in the columns of the Republican press, at Re-publican banquets, love feasts and on other congratulatory occasions, and in all the official utterances of the party which had returned to power. There appeared to be no obstacle in the path of the war tariff advocates and loudly

vaunted champions of "protection."

The first year of unobstructed "protection" has shown most conclusively the correctness of the views of the friends of tariff reform, who held that the seed planted during the memorable campaign of education, of 1888, would bring forth a most fruitful harvest. But the most sanguine of those advocates of true protection did not, probably, ex-pect that the harvest would begin to show results so soon. They did not look for such a signal triumph of tariff reform in Ohio and Iowa on the anniversary of the day when that reform was supposed to have been finally disposed of, nor did they hope for such a grand series of Democratic victories in other Republican strongholds on the first an-

siversary of Harrison's inauguration. The issue between the parties is precisely the same now as it was in 1888. the Democracy insisting upon a reaso able extension of the free list and a ma terial reduction of the tariff schedules, in accordance with the interests and de mands of American industry, and the monopolists and lobbyists, who control Republican legislation at Washington, still maintaining the doctrine of higher duties on every commodity of manufacture in ordinary use, and declaring that liquor and tobacco should be made free before clothing, lumber, salt, hardware and glass. The popular majority that endorsed President Cleveland's views on tariff reform showed that he had the secure a sufficient number of votes in the electoral college, and the popularity of his honest, fearless, statesmanlike

policy has been increasing ever since. The frightened Republican leaders are resorting to all manner of desperate expedients to stay the progress of the rising tide, but their very efforts are but revealing their weakness and precipitating the very catastrophe they would avoid. The usurpation of Reed, the threat to make Federal bayonets the controlling element at the polls, the frightful extravagance in Congress and in the Government departments, that bids fair to empty the Treasury and bring about a deficit to be met necessarily by increased taxation, the nulli-fication of the will of the people by unseating Democratic representatives who have been legally elected, the repeated and costly blunders in the Treasury Department, the Tanner and Noble scandal, the outrageous nepotism illustrated in every branch of the Government in emulation of the example set by the President himself, and the complete restoration of the infamous spoils system, have disgusted and alienated the people in regard to this ill-starred Administration.

But, beyond all these considerations, one in the balcony."

"Yea, I saw," answered the girl, "I saw ut too well. Thou didst fling away my erchief, but the wreath of roses—that at length she rested against the wall, her city is this for an old woman to seek her fortune in! And how shall I find those to whom I am known! As well look for a rush to whom I am known! As well look for a rush to seek her fortune in! And how shall I find those to whom I am known! As well look for a rush the enlarged list of business. the ruin of so many industries has forced upon the intelligent consideration of the people everywhere. Even now Republicans in many parts of the country are practically demanding from Congress larger concessions in the line of tariff reform than the Mills bill contemplated, and are showing by conclusive arguments that the policy inaugurated by President Cleveland and indorsed by the Democratic administratien is the true policy for the protection of American industry, and that the present Republican tariff is wrong, injurious and indefensible. The striking contrast presented by the economical, prudent, honest administration of President Cleveland and the corruption, extravagance and plunder of the present government is also having its effect upon the masses of the people throughout the country. The tide is rising, and it will in time overwhelm the forces of organized plunder at Washington as effectually as the waters of the Red Sea did the host of Pharach.-Albany (N. Y.) Ar-

TAXING THE POOR.

Imposts Levied for the Benefit of Just now there is an attempt in some circles of high-taxers to protest against the proposed reimposition of the tax on quinine. It is claimed that this is a tax on misery and fever beds, and therefore should never be made.

that the tax on quinine is no more a burden upon misery and fever beds than is that which increases the cost of every blanket to the profit of a few grasping monopolists. There is no half way in this matter. If the tariff really reduces the cost and selling price of com-modities, then it would be worse than the benefit of this form of taxation to the sufferers who need the quinine. by the quinine monopolists simply that they may increase their levy upon the sick and helpless, then the same is true as to blankets and every other necessity of life which is taxed for the benefit of a class and at the expense of the masses. The tax on lumber is a tax on fever beds. The same is true as to every article used by the people from the cradle to the grave. The statement that the Philadelphia manufacturers of quinine demand the restoration of their power to levy tribute on the people in the form of a quinine tax, is proof that they know the full effect of the tax and that it will add to their profits propor-tionately as it robs the poor of their rights. Let the people understand this matter and there will be fewer taxes levied for the benefit of a favored class. -Chicago Leader.

The Republicant in Congress were whipped in on the farm mortgage amendment to the census. They began by opposing, changed to obstructing and ended by surrendering. They rest now in the hope that Protectionist Porter will know how to handle the returns.—St Louis Republic.

ROBBING THE FARMERS.

ple Are Enriched at ti

For every dollar that the farmer pays out for his children's school books, he rets twenty-five cents' worth of books nd seventy-five cents' worth of protec tion to trusts. The twenty-five cents pays for the paper and all the labor represented by the book, and the seventy-five cents goes to swell the pockets of people who have not earned it. In this school-book combine we have merely one of the schemes by which the farmer is systematically robbed. The transaction merely means a transfer of the second tion merely means a transfer of the sev-enty-five cents from the pockets of peo-ple who have earned and created this money to the pockets of non-producing, blood-sucking vampires. It helps to make ten people richer, and 10,000 peo-ple poorer. It is on par with the rob-beries committed by the aristocratic highwaymen of the middle ages. It is tax on education, and tends to keep the poor in ignorance. The prohibitory price of school books restricts the use among the masses. Twice the number of books would be used, twice the money paid out to the employes of paper mills, printing establishments, book binderies, etc., if these books were sold at a reasonable price. In short, this whole business is an outrage which the Legislatures of every State could very easily correct, or put an end to by prop-er legislation. Why is it not done? But this is only a straw which shows "which way the wind bloweth." It is exactly the same thing in other and larger things. It has come to this, that the farmer must support others, idlers, in luxury, and when he complains that farming does not pay, has it thrown in his face that he is extravagant and aspires to things that are above his station, because he is not any more content with the log-house, the home-made ta-bles and benches, the home-spun clothes and primitive style of living of his fore-fathers.—Philadelphia Practical Farmer.

POLITICAL POINTERS. -The Carnegie idea is \$1 worth of ibrary for \$17 worth of tariff.-Chicage

Times. --- "Can I see Mr Harrison" sir; the President can't be seen to-day.' Smaller than ever, eh?"-N. Y. Sun. ----When a Democrat steals he bolts the party, and he should be promptly bolted in with the other Republicans in

the penitentiary.—St. Louis Republic. -Many convivial citizens are hoping that Vice-President Morton will have a branch of his great saloon at the world's fair.-Louisville Courier-Jour-

-When Republican editors and speakers are waving the bloody shirt with especial energy, then is the time to scrutinize the appropriation bills. - N. Y. Herald.

-It is said that Mr. Harrison celebrated the anniversary of his going into the White House. In this matter he is probably more enthusiastic than the rest of the country. - Atlanta Constitu-

-Abraham Lincoln said: "You can fool all the people a part of the time and a part of the people all the time; but you can not fool all the people all the time." Protection fooled all the people between 1863 and 1868; but it only fools a part of the people now .- N. Y. World.

-Moses' worst blunder was his fail ure to add an appendix to Deuteronemy and prophesy therein that in the nine teenth century A. D. an intelligent and civilized nation would so far forget it-self as to produce five men whose names would be Benjamin Harrison, Corpora Tanner, Fire-Alarm Foraker, Blocks-of-Five Dudley and John J. Ingalls.—Chi cago Herald.

-The association of wool-growers should not merely ask for higher tariff heavily fining every man found wearing cotton in his breeches, would de by impaneling only Republican jurymen in the United States courts.-Courier-Journal.

-A canvass of the Senate has be made, it is said, and has revealed the fact that the Republicans will not pass Mr. Sherman's bill against trusts. of the interviewed statesmen profess to be in favor of regulating combinations of the kind, but their constitutional scruples balk at even the mild provisions of the Sherman measure. People who have looked to the presen Congress for relief from the opp of trust brigandage are doomed to dis-appointment.—Chicago Globe.

-Corporal Tanner uncorks mouth to say that a Democratic ma-jority of 25,000 in Indianapolis this fall will be the answer of the pretorians to the pledges made by the Republican party in the last campaign and broken by the Harrison administration. evidently regards the modern torians as possessing precisely qualities that made the ancient or terror to the Roman world when they deposed and set up emperors if the required largess was not forthcoming.— St. Louis Republic.

Intricacies of the Tariff. The farmers of Kansas are slowly ris ing to an appreciation of the fact that they cannot profitably sell their corn to Mexico under a tariff policy which excludes the lead ores of Mexico from this country. Accordingly, the farmers of Kansas are beginning to call upon their Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote against the proposed exclusion of Mexican ores by a prohib itory duty. At the same time the Coldo silver miners declare that they contributed \$100,000 to the Harrison campaign fund with the understanding that Mexican ores should be prohibited; and they insist that the bargain shall be kept in good faith. What with the double fear of losing Kansas votes and Colorado money the Republican managers are in a dilemma in regard to the lead ore tariff.-Philadelphia Rec-

In taxing wool or any raw material we obstruct a natural law, natural right, which can not be done with impunity for long; free wool is coming; the pe ple will give it to themselves, but if a new party must be placed in power to get it we must wait a long time. delphia boasted of raising \$400,000 in no time not to buy a President who acts like a stranger in the land of his fathers; perhaps when he gets acquainted he may do something to gain the confi-dence of his people and help to lift the Republican party into prominence once more. The looms of Philadelphia are silent, mourning for their lost indusOLD AS THE HILLS.

They Knew It All Two Centuries Ago, and Here's Proof of It. A curious little book has just been dug out from the dust of two centuries and has been partially republished by the German newspapers for the purpose of proving that there is nothing new under the sun. The little book is entitled "Foolish Wisdom and Wise Foolishness," and was written by an old-fashioned German political economist named Becher. At the time of its publication the book was regarded as some-thing of a Munchausen narrative of the author's travels through Europe. During his wanderings Becher became ac-quainted with most of the learned men on the Continent, and learned a vast deal concerning the scientific work of his day. The first genius he met was Franz Grundler, a Nurnberg optician. He says of him: "Grundler is a most remarkable man. He has an idea that be can cork up in a bottle, by means of a spiral, the ordinary spoken words of a man's voice, carry them around with him thus for an hour or more, and then open the bottle and let them out. How far Grundler has got with the execution of his idea since I saw him I do not know. The whole conception appears to be quite impossible of execution and

silly. After thus hinting that even in the days of the thirty years' war some men had learned a thing or two concerning the principle of the phonograph, Becher has a word to say of "an instrument by means of which persons more than a German mile apart could talk to each calls the instrument a stentrophonicon, and describes how in using it he was obliged to press his lips very close to the bell of a curiously shaped trumpet.
"I have seen," he continues, "one of

Nurnberg, and talked with him through it. Although we were a good distance apart at the time and talked very loudly, to one between us could hear a word we

During his tour of inquiry Becher also discovered that in several regions out-side of Germany men had learned "to write down what others said, with wonderful rapidity by means of strange characters." "Englishmen have dis-covered a kind of tachygraphy," he explains, "or rather an art which enables them to write as rapidly as the fastest speakers can talk. They have brought this wonderful art to such a degree of perfection that young persons often write out full sermons without a mistake. Orations in Parliament can be written out by this means as rapidly as they are delivered, which I regard very useful invention." So much for

stenography two centuries ago. To save himself the trouble of learning various languages of the countries through which he passed, Becher compiled a universal language, not unlike our Volapuk. This language, he says, was derived directly from the nature of things, slipped easily over the tongue, and could be learned in four weeks. It had but twelve letters, and five hundred words, was clear of declinations and conjugations, and subject to but six

rules of syntax. Among the many other wonderful things which Becher saw on the Continent and wrote about in his little book were an air gun "which shot lead without powder or noise," another gun "which delivered three balls in rapid succession after one loading," a ship in which Cornelius Trebbel had ridden under the water of the Thames, and an air ship "held high above the earth by balls much lighter than the atmosphere. -N. Y. Sun.

DOM PEDRO IN EXILE.

How Brazil's Ex-Emperor Manages to Use Up His Time. Having lost his crown, and what was mixture of cotton with wool in cloth- loving and esteemed wife, one would ing. Congress, by making a statute suppose that Dom Pedro would seek to end the remainder of his days in somber seclusion, but, on the contrary, his mode wonders for wool in the home market. of life at present at Nice differs but lit-It would be easy to carry out such a law | tle from that which he was accustomed to in Brazil.

Physically, Dom Pedro is a well-developed man, somewhat above the average height, with a majestic bearing that has defied both age and grief. Although he possesses a fullness of habit suggestive of that kind of good living which adds to rather than detracts from a healthy development of the physical faculties, he can not be called robust. His beard and hair are perfectly white, and bear a strange though not unpleasing contrast with his pale complexion. His steps are somewhat quick and springy, indicating a nervous but still vigorous disposition. His voice is full, but somewhat tremulous.

The ex-Emperor's chief pleasure continues to be derived from literary pur-suits. His study, which is on the second floor of the Hotel Beau-le-Jour, com mands a full view of the Mediterranean and is embellished with handsomelybound volumes of many of the famous authors of ancient and modern times. His favorite among the latter is Victor Hugo. The ex-Emperorr rises every morning at six o'clock, and after par-taking of his cafe au lait reads the newspapers. At nine o'clock he has a genu ine Yankee breakfast, a taste and habit he acquired while visiting the United He then goes out for a drive.

About noon he partakes of a light luncheon and then spends two hours in his library. At two o'clock he has din-ner, served in French style, which he dispatches with astonishing rapidity, as a dignitary expressed it who had the honor of dining with him. After dinner he sometimes receives intimate friends, to whom he devotes an hour or so. Later he takes a walk for about half an hour. Returning to his study he gives himself up to writing till seven o'clock, when supper is served. After supper an hour is devoted to the memers of his household, who entertain him with some favorite games. Finishing this he returns to his library, where he communes with his chosen authors until nine or ten, when he retires for the

Being asked at what he estimated the value of his property in Brazil, Dom Pedro handed the writer the following appraisement sent him by the Provision al Government: Silver in the Christoval Palace, \$300,000; jewels of the Empress, \$600,000; the imperial crown (confis-cated), \$50,000; horses and carriages, ry. \$250,000; the Emperor's jewels, \$100,-000. There is yet to be appraised a stock farm at Santa Cruz, the palaces at San Christoval and Petropolis and a special residence at Rio, near the San Christoval Palace. Dom Pedro is re-

, HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES

—A spoonful of strong vinegar in a kettle of hot lard will prevent dough-nuts from soaking fat.

—Add a little kerosene oil to the water in which varnished woodwork or pol-ished floors are washed. It will greatly

improve their looks. -Put camphor gum with your too long as the gum is there. Never sach silver in soapsude, as that gives it & white appearance.—Christian Inquires

-When it is desired to remove as usused stamp from an envelope or piece of paper, lay the paper on the top of come water, stamp upwards, and in five minutes it may be removed as good as now.

-Soil for pot plants should always be carefully prepared. Nothing is superior to well decayed turf full of root fibre. clear for some plants, for instance rouse, with an addition of one-third its bulk of well-rotted manure for most others-

-Quick Loaf Cake. -Best two eggs with two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter and one of milk; add two cupfuls of raisins, half a cupful of shredded citron, four cupfuls of flour sifted with two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very like

tle hot water. Bake at once.

—A pretty wall panel is made by coeering a board nine inches wide and eighteen long with pale blue satin, and lin-ing the back with silesis of the same shade. The edges of the board should be beveled. A large bunch of milk weed balls, tied with white ribbon, is fastened in the center of the panel. It is very pretty and easily made and costs almost nothing.—The Home.

-An easy way to spoil the evening meal is for each member to tell the sad tale of all that has gone wrong during the day. To mention the disappoint-ments and vexations, to tell of the slights that were endured and the offenses which were given, and to lament over the results of this infelicitous combination of affairs is enough to counter act the refreshing effect of all the good things with which the most gene and skillful house-wife can lead the table.—Household.

THE CARE OF THINGS.

Eternal Vigilance Necessary to Don Comfort and Economy. All things earthly must succumb to wear and time. But with many persons

their possessions become useless long before they should, simply from neg-In the homes of careful New England housewives there are heirlooms—china table linen, old furniture—which have been handed down through a dezen generations, and are as good as ever. china has not been plunged into boiling water, or cracked and nicked by being

thrown into a heap with knives, forks and spoons in the dishpan. Table cloths napkins and carpets have been darned before their spots expanded into Probably nothing is so abused in an untidy home as books. People who have a regard for every thing else will turn down the leaves, warp the backs and spot the pages of books with utter indifference, if not impunity. The borrowed volume is sent home, after passing through such hands, dropping to pieces, or soiled beyond remedy, fitcely

for lighting the fire or being tossed into the waste basket.
Not knowing how to take care of things is, in this country, at any rate, . most prolific source of extravagance and poverty. To the thriftless it seems easier to replace than to mend and the purchase of the same article many times over, consumes money which might be employed in some permanent adornment

or benefit.
Clothes wear out just as quick from bad treatment as from constant use. No matter how late the model housekee may come in from some evening enter tainment, her gown is laid out smoothly, the waist turned wrong side out to air it until morning. Then it is shaken out. folded and put away in a box or .bureau drawer. Some prefer hooks to drawers, but a dress skirt hung up gets "stringy" and out of shape. Loosely and smooth

ly folded they do not. Skirts that are damp and soiled should be hung where they will dry and thoroughly brushed and cleaned as soon as they can be. Gloves should be smoothed out and laid in their box; boots should be cleaned and put away where they will not become receptacles Woolen garments taken of for the season should be cleaned and stored where they will not invite the ravages of moths, while muslins sho be washed and put away "rough dry" ready for laundrying when they are to

worn again. Mending is a task that can not be postponed. The proverb "a stitch in time saves nine" knows no variation. When ready-made underclothing is purchased it should be gone over care

fully, every button sewed on again, the button-holes worked over, the ends of seams fastened and threads tied where they have been left to ravel. Stockings that are not darned—and there has been no improvement on the tedious, oldfashioned methods of our grandmothers, will speedily become slovenly and uscomfortable bundles of rags. As to the care of china, handsome

plates should be wrapped separately in tissue paper. Standing them on edge warps them. Silver not commonly used should be put back in wrappings of cloth or chamois skin.

Domestic economy depends upon eternal vigilance in cupboard, wardrobe and pantry, and negligence there is a certain source of discomfort, and incomvenience and poverty.-Chicago Inter

Stylish Blouses and Wahts.

A fashionable waist in velvet and satin merveilleux has the back and sides of black velvet and the front of satin merveilleux. It has a small jacket formed by silk lace entredeux and broad double atlas ribbons. The front is over which is a plastron of velvet carry-ing a gar and of jet. This plastron reaches down to the waist and has on both sides borders made of folded le entredeux and ribbons which are gathered under a velvet girdle orne mented with jet arabesques. The nar-row sleeves are of black satin merveilleux and have three rows of narrow rib bons over the elbow. Cuffs with par menterie trimming, round buttons with loops and velvet collar complete this stylish waist. Blouses of black silk lace over a shining lining of silk are also worn, with a girdle of black ribbon. from which long strips fall down on the special residence at Rio, near the San Christoval Palace. Dom Pedro is resolved not to sell his property.—Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.

—Mustard plassers and lottery tickets differ: The former draws something; Dry Goods Economist.